

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 22, 1869.



"Marston, Marston; I've heard that name somewhere."—p. 516.

## UNDER FOOT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE LYNNE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.—"GOOD DOG."

"I CANNOT tell what pleasure it is to find myself so kindly received among you, aunt," murmured the smooth voice of Mark Danson, dropping into a confidential undertone, as he succeeded in securing

Mrs. Crawton's attention to himself for a few minutes. It was the chance for which he had watched during the whole of the evening. He glanced towards the others to satisfy himself that

they were preoccupied. Hugh was holding a good-humoured argument with his father concerning some old historical dates, and Margaret was attentively listening to something which was being whispered to her by a pleasant-faced young man who had unexpectedly made another guest at the Crawtons' tea-table that evening, and who had been introduced to Mark as Mr. Marston. He fancied that some engagement existed between this stranger and the fair Margaret, whose stately beauty had taken him by surprise. He continued, "I scarcely expected that Uncle Robert would remember the little boy whom he had not seen since his sister's funeral, so I was agreeably surprised to find that I was recognised; but more than all I am gratified that he thinks me like my mother."

Mrs. Crawton's soft eyes beamed kindly on the speaker; she was won by his manner of mentioning his mother, and felt inclined to regret the injustice of her first impression, which had been one of involuntary misgiving and doubt. Mark saw what he had gained, and was not slow to pursue his advantage.

"I want to feel myself one among you, aunt, so I shall petition to be allowed to come here as often as I please. For Hugh's sake, I trust this will be the prelude to another reunion that will make us no longer a divided family. I mean——"

Here he was interrupted. Hugh called across the room, referring to him as an authority on the point under discussion. He had only time to add, hurriedly, "I mean Uncle Daniel; for I have hope that, with our united efforts, the ice will break."

Mrs. Crawton had not time to answer, but her face visibly brightened. He noted it, as the effect of his last words, and silently drew his conclusion.

"I see she is anxious for a reconciliation. Now, I must sound the feelings of the other on the subject."

Before he left that night, he contrived to ingratiate himself with Uncle Robert, adroitly playing on his weak points, and dissecting his character with the coolness and skill of a clever psychologist. The result was a pressing invitation to repeat his visit in a few days.

The invalid kept up wonderfully well through the evening, and astonished those about him by the exertions which he made for the entertainment of his nephew, whom he had hitherto regarded with fear and dislike, as the interloper who had usurped his son's place and his own.

With the exception of Margaret, who kept aloof from all friendly approaches, and would not be won out of her frigid reserve, Mark was fully satisfied with the impression which he had made on his first visit to the home of Hugh Crawton. He felt instinctively that the sister regarded him with suspicion, and she was Eleanor's friend. It was needful for him to be well upon his guard. Then the stranger, Mr. Marston, they had scarcely exchanged a dozen

words since his introduction, yet he felt that there was antagonism between them. Another jarring element in his evening's enjoyment, was the presence of a little sharp-eared terrier belonging to Hugh. It had chosen to take offence at his appearance, and refused to be conciliated, making unpleasant demonstrations about his legs, and testifying its hostility in a series of low snarls.

"I say, Hugh, old fellow, if that is your dog, I don't admire your choice; for I think it the ugliest little brute that I have seen for some time."

Margaret overheard Mark's words, and, to the speaker's intense disgust, called the dog to her side and began petting it, in spite of a reproving glance from her father.

Before Mark left, the animal became almost frantic. When Mark shook hands with Hugh, and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder, the dog would have sprung at him, and torn his arm, if he had not been forcibly restrained. Did his faithful instinct scent danger to his master in that companionship? Good dog; he did what he could when he barked out the traitor, and crept back to Hugh's feet as if he thought it needful to keep guard there.

"I never saw Jip behave like this before," remarked Mrs. Crawton.

"Nor have I," struck in Margaret, with a steady look into her brother's eyes. "The reason is, that he does not like our cousin Mark, and neither do I; for, with all his fair seeming and his smooth professions, I would not trust him to the length of my little finger. Hugh, remember my advice, and take warning from your dog."

But her brother only threw back his curly head, and laughed it off in his bright way. Yet the time did come when he had cause to remember his sister's words that night.

## CHAPTER XX.

### LAWYER MARKHAM AND HIS CLIENT.

"ARE you Lawyer Markham?"

"I believe I am. What is your business?"

"Something that will surprise you, I fancy. But first tell me if there is any other Lawyer Markham beside yourself."

"If there is, I am not aware of it."

The answer was given stiffly, with a careful professional survey of the shabbily-dressed man who had just presented himself at the office of Anthony Markham, attorney, Gray's Inn. The scrutiny ended in a doubtful sniff, for externals were not promising, and did not encourage sanguine expectations of prospective fees. The lawyer was a short, bald-headed man with a small, keen face, and slow, secretive manner. The stranger coolly rested his arm on the desk, saying, "I put the question because I wanted to be sure that I had unearthed the right fox. Excuse me, Mr. Markham, I meant no invidious comparison."

He stroked his moustache, and smiled at his own joke, which the lawyer quietly ignored, not deigning to see the point of the humour.

"Whatever may be your business with me, I must beg you to be brief, as my time is of value. I believe there is a client waiting now in the other office."

"Very good, sir; saving time is quite as much an object to me as you. But mine is not altogether legal business. It concerns some of your own family. You had a sister Dorothy——"

He was interrupted by an exclamation of astonishment.

"And if I had a sister Dorothy, what can you know about her?"

The man continued, without noticing the remark, "She made what her friends considered a good match, for she married Captain (afterwards Colonel) Rivers, and went out with him to India, where she died."

The listener made no secret of his increasing astonishment. He irritated his bald head with the tip of his quill as he exclaimed, "Bless me, I am quite in the dark! What are you going to tell me next?"

"I will tell you. Mrs. Rivers left an only son, who disappeared in a very mysterious way about four years after his father's second marriage."

"Ah! you know that also. Who may you be, and where did you spring from?"

"My own personality has nothing to do with my business here, for you will know me no better when I tell you that I am called George Bland. I claim England as my mother country, but I have been a wanderer for the most part of my life. The last place I came from was Calcutta, where your sister spent her brief married life."

"Poor Dora," muttered the lawyer, with a passing touch of sentiment; "she was always delicate. I had my fears of the climate when she first went out; but it seemed all for the best."

"Did you see much of the late colonel after your sister's death?" the man asked somewhat abruptly.

"No; only for a few months during his widowhood, when he visited England with the boy. After that time we were——"

"Not very good friends," added the stranger, finishing the sentence as the speaker paused.

"Well, perhaps we were not," assented the lawyer, "but all this is out of business. I do not give my time to clients for the purpose of answering idle questions about my family affairs."

"Excuse me, Mr. Markham, these are not idle questions, nor are they out of business, as I will prove."

"Very good, but please open your case clearly. I can do nothing with vague hints," replied the lawyer, testily.

"Yet I must put one more question. Did it never strike you that there was something very suspicious about your nephew's strange disappearance?"

Mr. Markham was impatiently fingering his gold seals, and comparing his watch with the timepiece on the mantel. He replied, "Yes, it did at the time, poor boy; but I always had the impression that he met his death by some unfortunate accident."

"Yet his body was never found, nor any trace," said the man, twisting his moustache with a peculiar look of significance.

The lawyer started, struck by something in the tone of the words. He lifted his keen face as though he had caught a new idea, for the moment throwing off his professional manner, and becoming excited and earnest.

"Speak out, Mr. Bland, no use beating longer about the bush; I know now there is something behind all this. You have news of my nephew; is he living?"

"Yes, for anything that I know to the contrary, living, and in England, but there unluckily the scent is lost, like his identity, which I have travelled from Calcutta for the sole purpose of tracking out, if possible. Now I come to business. I apply to you, his uncle, as the only one likely to give the case a friendly lift. So far I have not spared my own exertions, and I am still willing to take any amount of trouble. But circumstances over which I have had no control, &c.—in short, cash is at an uncommonly low ebb with me at the present time, and in pursuing a search of this kind you will be aware that there are difficulties to be met, and certain bits of machinery to be set in motion, which cannot be done without funds."

"I understand," said the listener, drily.

Lawyer Markham loved his money, and if he could help it, never parted with a shilling without good per-centage.

"As a matter of business it may turn out a profitable investment," pursued the stranger, falling in with the lawyer's tone. He had taken his measure pretty correctly during the interview, and knew exactly what manner of man he was dealing with. "Then it will be befriending your own nephew, who is very likely fagging on in some obscure corner of London, hard up both for friends and money. It is worth a struggle to get the poor young fellow restored to his birthright—the wealth which has passed to his half-sister. To my mind, it is a pity for a fine fortune to be thrown away on a girl; I don't approve of the weaker vessels being made too independent."

The last part of the speech was lost upon the listener; it was irrelevant to the subject in hand, and therefore passed aside without notice.

"A strange story," commented the lawyer, when the man had finished his recital of what he knew concerning the mysterious disappearance of Colonel Rivers's son; "a strange story! How am I to know that it is not one of the many tricks got up to extort money? it is quite a trade in these days."

The stranger laughed. "But in that case does it

not strike you that I should be an ass to venture such an experiment with a lawyer? I might be sure that it would be 'diamond cut diamond.'

Mr. Markham drew in the corners of his mouth, and made frowning creases in his forehead; he took time to consider his answer, for he found something offensive in the tone of these remarks, and resented as insolence to himself the man's free-and-easy manner. His profession had familiarised him with many strange phases of life, and brought him in contact with varied grades and conditions of men, often obliging him to pocket affronts in the way of business, where the work was not always scrupulously clean. But that was in the days when he was a rising man, and had his way to make; now it was made, and he could afford to stand a little on his own personal dignity. He spoke coldly, "I must beg you to keep to the point, Mr. Bland, for I have neither time nor patience to waste."

Here he was interrupted.

"Which means that from the cut of my clothes, you take me for a needy adventurer."

"And granted that I do, what credentials have you to prove the contrary, and how can you vouch for the truth of your statements?"

"Very easily," returned the man, drawing a faded roll of papers from the depths of a somewhat bulky pocket-book. "I believe there is enough here to serve me that good turn. Two letters, valuable as evidence, from the chief actor himself, dictated on his death-bed, and fully proving what you lawyers call the abduction; and here is a copy of the register of the boy's birth, and another of your sister's marriage, to which I see you were a witness. You are at liberty to compare it with that of the church where the said marriage took place."

"Ah, very good. I am to understand that you give these papers up to me, as the nearest living relation of the missing heir." Here the lawyer condescended to hold out his hand to receive them.

Mr. Bland replied, coolly retaining the packet under his fingers, "Yes, but you must be aware that you take them only on certain conditions. I have given you a hint that my worldly affairs are not as flourishing as they might be—in short, that cash is an object. Knowing this, you cannot suppose that I took the journey from India, and began this hunting about the world for a young man to take possession of a fortune, simply from the abstract pleasure of seeing him do it. Thank you, I am not so disinterested."

"Of course not," responded the lawyer, drily; "I could not wrong you by such a supposition."

The man eyed him distrustfully, as he continued, "I have naturally looked upon the possession of this information as something that would bring me benefit in the event of success."

"Certainly," put in Mr. Markham, "you will have a claim to remuneration for your services. But my

impression is that the whole thing is hopeless; for, even if you knew the young man to be living, you have no clue to trace him, and he is as likely to be in Africa as London. However, if I am satisfied by my inspection of these papers, I am willing in my nephew's interest to advance you such sums as I may think needful. But mark, I will have no talk of conditions with regard to my share in the transaction. I must be dealt with in perfect confidence, or I wash my hands of it, even if he were my own son."

"That would be scarcely business-like," said the stranger, composedly, "for it may bring grist to the mill; and in the event of a dispute on the other side, it may grow into a great law-case, and get talked about in the papers. But setting all this aside, will you allow me to ask if you have a vivid remembrance of your sister and her husband—enough, for instance, to make you quickly recognise their features if you should chance to meet any one like them?"

"Yes; I believe I have."

At this moment a clerk knocked at the door to inform his master that a Mr. Marston wished to see him.

"Very well, Thompson; I shall be disengaged in a few minutes."

The clerk answered that the gentleman was pressed for time.

"Which, luckily, I am not," put in Mr. Bland, readily. "So, as our business can wait, Mr. Markham, by your leave I will oblige the gentleman by taking up my quarters in the next office until you are at liberty."

The lawyer assented, and Mr. Bland passed out, meeting on his way the pale, consumptive-looking clerk, followed by a tall, gentlemanly young man, whom he favoured with a critical, inquisitive look, muttering, "Marston, Marston; I've heard that name somewhere. Ah! I have it. My young gentleman, I must keep an eye on you. Bravo, George! It may be that you are on the track at last."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WILL SHE SIGN?

THERE was to be another meeting between Mark Danson and Eleanor. He had written telling her that events were hastening a crisis in their fates, and that their next interview must decide between them a question of vital interest to both. Wondering what it could mean, she waited in painful anxiety, with a strange flutter at her heart, and a creeping back of some of the old tender feelings, as she grieved over her fallen idol, and tried to patch her broken faith in the man she had loved. Might she dare to hope that his tardy repentance had come, and his promise would be redeemed at last? Poor deceived Eleanor, it was sad to know that her own hand had helped to mix the bitter cup which she was draining to the dregs!

With his mind full of his new purpose, Mark found himself again in the neat little parlour of the house in Islington. Eleanor and he sat at opposite sides of the table, with the lighted lamp between them. The little servant, Ann, was dreaming blissfully by the dying kitchen fire, and Giles Royton had not yet returned from the city. Mark guessed how and where the clerk was passing his evening, for he knew that time had not yet cured him of his wretched infatuation for the gaming-table. He was very glad of his absence that night.

Neither of them had spoken for some minutes. Eleanor sat under his gaze, which she felt to be utterly cold and pitiless, trying to choke down words of his which rung in her ears like the last knell of her hopes. Her woman's instinct, sharpened by suffering, told her there was no change in the man—no latent leaning towards love and honour. She made this revelation, drawing in her breath with a spasm of pain, biting her lips in the struggle to hold her will against his, and keep strong in the contest which she knew was coming. He was nervously fingering a paper which he had drawn from his pocket, and intently watching her pale face, with the purple lines under the great misty blue eyes, commenting, under his breath, that Nell was getting to look haggard and old.

Slowly the minutes dragged on, while they sat looking at each other with that dreary blank of silence between them. At last he made a sudden movement, and, leaning forward, pushed the paper on her knee, saying hurriedly, "There it is, Eleanor, better than I can explain in words. Read for yourself. You must see that it is the best and only way to cut the knot of our difficulties."

She spoke not, but took the paper at his bidding, while he rose from his seat and began pacing the narrow limits of the room with the restlessness of a caged animal. Before she had finished, he came and stood before her, waiting her decision, and greedily trying to read it in her look.

How slow and mechanical she seemed. He could have torn the answer from her white lips, in his fierce impatience, as he breathed, "Well, Eleanor, what is it to be? Will you be generous and save me?"

Her apparent calmness and want of passion deceived him. She let the heavy lids droop over her eyes, and her face was still and cold as a frozen lake. She seemed hardening into a statue of stone.

He repeated, with low vehemence, "Answer me, Eleanor, will you save me?"

Her voice sounded like a hollow echo. "Save you from what?"

"The anger of my uncle, and, it may be, the loss of my inheritance—the result of our unlucky marriage, which has been a drag on both our lives."

"True, Mark; but it is a bond which we cannot break at our convenience."

"Yes, I know all that; but we can hide it out of sight—the world need never be any wiser about our affairs; and we can satisfy ourselves by signing a mutual agreement to give up our claims on each other."

"This, then, is the crisis in our fates which you said that events were hastening, Mark. I am to sign this paper, and leave England with my father, taking with me the secret of my wrongs and your baseness; in consideration of which you propose to settle upon us a yearly pittance out of your wealth, that is to be our purchase-money."

"Nay, Eleanor; I do not put it in that light. You soften nothing."

"Because I give you the truth, unwelcome as it may be. I am in your way, and to clear your path, you would do anything that you could with safety to yourself. This paper destroys all that remains of my illusion. I know now what I have to anticipate. I am no more to you than a dead flower, only you cannot cast me aside so easily."

"This talk is not like you, Nelly; you are getting cold and hard."

"It may be so; but who is to blame?"

He shrank from the look in her eyes, as she asked the question. Some of her hair had escaped from its fastening, and fallen down over her face—the beautiful sunny hair which she had that night braided for his eyes. She swept it back with an impatient gesture that was new to him, like her manner. He was beginning to fear that she would not yield to his wishes. He took care to keep her in the dark as to his real motives for this step. It would scarcely do for her to know that his object was to endeavour to secure for himself the fortune of May Rivers; his cue was to be silent or vague regarding his own course, and to take advantage of Eleanor's ignorance of the world and its ways. He knew that the least hint of what his ultimate intentions were would, to use his own phrase, "ruin the whole business." As regards Eleanor herself, he thought that, once she was away from every scene or incident that could remind her of former times, she would speedily forget those relations which had been so hastily as well as secretly made, in fresh duties and new associations. Of course he had plenty of excuses for himself; all such reasoners have. But Eleanor, innocent, simple, yet brave-hearted Eleanor, knowing nothing but the fact that the man she had looked up to had degraded himself to the dust, and was now plotting against the one to whom of all others his duty bound him, instinctively felt that this was the time of all times when she should be on her guard, both for his sake and for hers.

(To be continued.)

## MODERN LESSONS FROM AN ANCIENT STORY.

## DAVID THE HEROIC STRIPLING.

**D**OR many years after the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, the Philistines proved a perpetual source of harass and danger. They retained an important portion of the sea-coast of the country. Their land was highly favourable for the growth of military power, since it consisted of fertile plains, over which were scattered numerous elevations easily converted into impregnable strongholds. They cultivated war as a science. Their chariots, their armour, and their weapons were an astonishment to the simpler and less skilful Israelites. In the time of the Judges, the Philistines had reached the height of their military renown. Shamgar and Samson, as individual heroes, had done something to check the pride of this haughty people; but the shameful reverses which followed under the sons of Eli, more than counterbalanced these temporary successes. Samuel, however, turned the tide of battle in favour of Israel, and some of the border towns in the north were recovered from the Philistines. The subsequent successes of Saul issued in a peace which lasted more than a quarter of a century. After that time, the forays by which the Philistines harassed the Israelites were vigorously renewed. No longer daring to face the chosen people in the central country, they crept stealthily along the heights of a valley, which stretched down to their own country. The news of their approach aroused the inactive Saul; and he and his army hurried forward to take up their position on the opposite heights. "A dry watercourse, marked by a spreading terebinth tree, runs between them." This spot had already been the scene of many obscure and unrecorded struggles between the border-inhabitants, as its name indicated.\* It was now about to become the arena of a combat which should give it universal distinction.

The strength and flower of Israel were in the encampment of Saul. Jesse had contributed no less than three of his sons, Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammah. Wearily had their venerable father waited at Bethlehem for news of their doings. At length, unable any longer to bear this racking suspense, David was fetched from the sheepcotes, to carry a few home-comforts to them and their captain, and to bring back some sure word as to their welfare. It was only as a humble messenger, therefore, that the heroic stripling came to the camp, and apparently with no thought of taking part in the conflict. He reached the baggage-wagons, "which formed, as in Arab settlements,

\* Ephes-dammim, "the bound of blood."

a rude fortification round the Israelite camp," at the moment when his countrymen were being marshalled for their daily parade; and, leaving the loaves and milk-cheeses with the men, "who abode by the stuff," he hastens into the ranks of the soldiers to greet his brethren. Whilst they were talking together, the deep-voiced giant, who for more than a month had daily stalked into the valley between the two camps, and taunted the Israelites with their cowardice, began his morning's defiance. The martial spirit of the boy was stirred by the challenge, and by the shame and confusion which Goliath produced amongst his countrymen. Not any great length of time elapsed before David was hurling back the defiance—was face to face with the giant of Gath.

New what was the true source of this surprising heroism? Here was a mere youth about to enter upon a single-handed combat with Goliath, a combat which no military veteran in Saul's army, notwithstanding the tempting reward, was willing to undertake. The biting taunts of the giant had stung every heart with madness; but the sight of the full-armed Philistine, who "stood proudly eminent, like a tower," at once dissipated any momentary feeling of courage. How, then, came David, the ruddy, sun-burnt stripling, suddenly to accept the challenge, which had been so long declined by a whole army? The answer is not far to seek. David reveals it to Saul when summoned into his presence. He as distinctly avows it in the hearing of both armies when fronting the imperious and scoffing giant. It is the heroism of faith.

There is no question as to the mighty power of faith, even if it be fixed upon that which is itself a delusion and a lie. Men will do and dare under its influence that which may redeem their lives from meanness and cowardice. The intensity of character which is often revealed among both pagans and Mahometans, may be partly traced to this source. Though a mistaken trust, it is still "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The completer the trust which men repose in any invisible power, whether a power of anger or a power of love, the more powerful and the more heroic their character and lives. But in the case of those who rest in delusion, there is always the danger of sudden and irretrievable disenchantment. When the pagan first discovers the vanity and nothingness of his gods, his heroism dies away, and despair ensues. When the disciple of Mahomet awakens to the knowledge of his error, the scimitar drops powerless from his hands. But to the man whose faith rests on the sure word of the Eternal God, while

there may be moments when his faith is sorely tried, there are many other moments when that trust nerves his soul with devoutest heroism. The power of faith which rests in a delusion, is as nothing to the energy of that faith which seems to grasp the hand of the Eternal and Omnipotent God. There is no inflowing of power into man's soul from the idol he may worship, or from the false prophet he may reverence. But the Spirit of the living God fills the heart of the man who makes the Lord his trust, as the returning tides of the sea fill the channels of the river. The power of faith in God, is the power of a living soul, the energy and inspiration of a living Presence, real, conscious, unspeakable, because it is divine.

That power David possessed. Nor was he without evidence of the divine willingness to honour his faith. His shepherd-life on the hill-sides of Bethlehem had furnished him with more than one proof of this. It was not alone his prowess and skill that had helped him to snatch the young lamb from the mouth of the lion, and the darling of the flock from the paw of the bear: it was his prowess and skill, *with the blessing and help of God*. His past victories were therefore regarded as pledges of future triumphs.

It may be thought that, after all, it was a very different thing to be snatched from the jaws of lions and bears when pursuing the ordinary work of his life, from being delivered from the hand of this giant of Gath when he unexpectedly threw himself within his powerful grasp. But David had now the Spirit of God resting upon him; and from the confidence with which he speaks beforehand of his success in the encounter with Goliath, it is not unlikely that he had received direct divine suggestion and intimation. "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." This is David's assurance to Saul. His language is no less emphatic and confident when standing before his gigantic foe. "This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand." David's faith was David's strength.

Behind this romantic story of David's conduct in the ravine on the frontier-hills of Judah, there is a living message to every devout heart in every age. We have looked at the source of David's heroism; let us now profit by *David's exhibition of his faith*. For one thing, we see that the heroic stripling could bear meekly and patiently the rebuffs and sneers of the men who lacked his confidence in God. Look at him, for instance, as he stands by his eldest brother, Eliab, the man of kingly presence, whose stature and bearing had led even Samuel, the seer, to blunder out the affirmation, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him;" a mistake, so gross and palpable, that the

Divine Voice had to administer the instant rebuke—"Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Eliab overhears David talking to the soldiers about the giant of Gath, and the king's promises to the man who would enter the lists against so terrible a foe; and catches, from the sparkling eye and vivacious speech of his younger brother, that some sudden martial impulse is stirring, his soul like a passion. Instantly Eliab says, "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

Now, supposing it were true that David had come down to the camp out of curiosity, this was no fitting salute from the elder brother to the younger. But it was *not* true; and I am afraid Eliab *knew* that it was not true. But look at the sneer at David's occupation: "those few sheep." Look at the charge of desertion of a valuable trust; a trust in the honest keeping of which David had already more than once risked his life: "With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?" Look, also, at the misrepresentation of the reason of David's presence at the camp: pride, and mere idle curiosity. To all which unbrotherly speech David meekly replies, "What have I done? Is there not a cause?" There is no retort in this; no railing for railing; but a patient bearing of his eldest brother's untimely jealousy and pride. David was nothing moved from the purpose which he had already formed in his heart. He goes on with his talk with those about him. He feels within his soul the divine promptings of that heroic resolve which was presently to find a suitable occasion for its disclosure. Neither taunt, nor unkindness, nor misrepresentation deterred him from giving full utterance to the desire which was now strongest within his heart. His own faith was not abashed by the lack of faith in others. Like all true faith, it was meek, calm, deliberate, unconquerable.

Is not this true evermore? Do not men of large faith and noble resolve in the purpose they express of doing something for the weal of others, often find themselves confronted by opposition in quarters where they least expected it? Are not heroic souls, full of faith and holy projects, taunted, misrepresented, despised? The end, which the eye of faith clearly sees, is invisible to the man who is destitute of spiritual insight. The means, which devout workers know will be enough, and more than enough, because those means carry in their bosom "the power of God," are derided by the

faithless as unsuitable and inadequate. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

David's faith in God did not lead him to despise and neglect the right use of means. That faith rather strengthened his purpose to use such weapons as came readiest to his hand. Saul equipped David in his own cumbrous armour; but when David essayed to go forth, he found himself hampered and impeded. "He had not proved them." He had no knowledge of their use, no skill, such as is born of constant practice. He therefore wisely discarded them all, and once more stood forth, clad only in his shepherd's dress, and armed with his shepherd's weapons. Here was true faith resting on God for results, but still using wisely the best available instruments. With whom had David to contend? With a man whose great height, nearly double that of ordinary men, rendered it impossible that there should be any hand-to-hand combat; whose ponderous spear and sword, and reach of arm in their use, effectually prevented any near and close conflict. By the use of a weapon which could be wielded at a distance, this disproportion as to size and power was greatly reduced, and the vast bulk of his antagonist gave him a broader and better mark. A stone, hurled from a sling, would be more certain to reach any vulnerable part of the giant than the best-wielded lance or sword. Moreover, David's skill in the use of his shepherd's weapon was a skill on which he could safely reckon. Most likely he had won his accuracy of aim by hundreds of successful ventures in the protection of his own life and the life of his flock.

The event proved that David was right. In sight of both armies, the Philistines on one side of the valley-heights, and the Israelites on the other, the full-armed giant "came and drew near unto David." Expectation was now on tiptoe. The fate of the two armies was trembling in the balance. The veterans on either side regarded the combat as absurdly unequal. When, therefore, Goliath "cursed David by his gods," the Philistine army set up a shout of triumph. But the solemn reply which David made to the giant's taunts, revived the sleeping faith of the Israelites. It was once again the Lord who was appealed to as a sure defence. "Thou comest to me," said the heroic shepherd lad, "with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Then, raising his voice, and looking round upon the hundreds of spectators who were crowded upon the heights, he cried in the hearing of all, "And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth

not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands." A few seconds sufficed to justify this firm and unshaken confidence in the issue. A smooth pebble, carefully placed in his sling, flew through the air and smote the giant, and sunk into his forehead; and down fell, with a mighty and far-sounding thud, that boasting champion of the Philistines.

The moral of this, faith wisely using the most suitable means, should not be overlooked. Granted that the Scriptures lay great stress upon faith; granted that there are numerous passages which emphasise its value, let me ask you to be equally observant of the fact, that they never so commend faith as to teach a disregard of all lawful and all available means. This is the blunder which some make in worldly affairs. They see the end; they overlook the means. The diligence and thrift which presently bring competence are forgotten. It is only the successful result that is contemplated. Others commit the same error in matters pertaining to the mind. They forget that patient toil precedes maturity of knowledge; that wisdom is born in the sore travail of the soul. There is a price for it; but many, in their purchase, are disposed to chaffer, and so lose the wisdom they covet. Others make the blunder in matters spiritual. Men talk as if the more unlikely the means the surer the result. They cry out against training, skill, organisations, and the like, as if God would honour indolence more than industry, ignorance rather than knowledge. We cannot have our weapons too finely tempered, too skilfully wielded, or too perseveringly applied in God's service; but all weapons are vain unless God shall bless them. What we need is the best weapons for ourselves. If we are Sauls, let us use Saul's armour; if we are Davids, let us be contented with the stone and the sling. Let us use wisely such weapons as will come readiest to our hand, for in the great warfare against evil, every arm of service is needed. "With your shields, or on them;" such was the stout-hearted farewell of the Spartan mothers to their sons when going forth to battle. "With your shields of faith, or on them;" let this be your watchword who by patient continuance in well-doing are seeking for glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.

Nor let others forget that the faith which they are asked to put in the Teacher of Nazareth, the Son of the Highest, is a *working faith*. It is not a mere assent to the historic fact of the incarnation, or the crucifixion and resurrection; but spiritual insight into and true sympathy with them. It is such an assent and consent of the individual soul as that they shall be for it a perpetual inspiration, governing, controlling, guarding, and informing, mind and heart and life.

J. J. G.



(Drawn by R. BARNES.)

"'That's a neat article, now,' said the tallyman."—p. 522.

## THE TALLYMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

**P**ROBABLY those of my readers who live in the environs of London, have noticed with wonder tall, stout, well-dressed men trudging past them, with a shouldered stick bearing at its extremity a square, black, calico-covered parcel. By the poor, these men are called "tallymen," but I believe if you were to consult them personally, you would be told they rejoiced in the name of "Scotch merchants." Whatever their name may be, there is no doubt about their being the pest of the labouring class and the ruin of many a happy home; and as Job Coulter's story, will illustrate my subject, I shall give it as simply as I can.

Job was one of those individuals who are the pride of England, and whose character if once lost can seldom be redeemed. He earned some sixteen shillings a-week, had a snug, decently furnished cottage, a tidy wife, a young family, and a warm honest heart. Like many of his class, he handed his weekly wages over to Mrs. Coulter, content to find his homely meal in readiness when he returned from a long day's work. Job seldom if ever went inside a public-house, preferring the clean comfort of his own fireside, and the cheery smile of his good wife. Taking it all in all, Job's home gave a pretty good idea of an earthly paradise. But the very name of paradise suggests the serpent, and the rustic Eden only too soon showed his presence.

Job Coulter was as usual at his work; Mrs. Coulter was ironing the week's wash, when a broad-shouldered, black whiskered tallyman tapped at the door. "Want any nice cheap gownds to-day, m'm?" he asked, stepping over the threshold, and depositing the pack upon a chair; then taking off his Jim Crow hat, he wiped his forehead, and looked round the room.

"No, I thank you, sir," said Mrs. Coulter, a little confused, for the man was dressed smartly, and wore a chain and ring.

"Jest take a look; we don't charge anything for that, m'm;" and the pack strings being untied, the contents were spread out upon the table. "That's a neat article, now," said the tallyman, seeing the direction Mrs. Coulter's eyes turned, "and dirt cheap. Make you a splendid church-goin' gownd: and, Lor bless you, I can wait for the cash. Say you'll have it, and you can pay me five shillings a-month till it's done for. You'll never miss it out of the house money, you know."

Mrs. Coulter remembered her neighbour's smart new dress last Sunday, and hesitated. We all know how such hesitation generally ends. The

tallyman left the cottage without the dress, and Job's wife went back to her ironing with her mind full of plans as to how she was to save the five shillings a-month without letting her husband find out.

For a couple of months the money was paid regularly, and Job, seeing his supper a little more scanty, only thought Jenny a saving wife, and made no complaint. The tallyman called again, and as Mrs. Coulter could not pay *all* this time, persuaded her to buy more; and she, wishing to keep him in a good humour, and get time, acted against her conscience, and made fresh purchases.

After this, for a while, the man called frequently, and yet, when the instalments were not forthcoming, seemed content to wait. The poor woman, meantime, was doing her utmost to save the money; but Job must eat, the children were always hungry, and prices were rising; so that she was at her wits' end when the month day came. Strange to say, the tallyman never made his appearance. Another month passed, and still no sign. So Mrs. Coulter began to breathe again, trusting that some happy chance or change had removed him from her neighbourhood. But this hope was soon cruelly dispelled. A new actor appeared; a man she had never seen before walked into the cottage one afternoon, and putting a blue printed paper into her hand, bid her take care she attended to it, and swaggered off to the nearest public-house.

The paper was a county court writ, the tallyman having, according to custom, handed his debts over for collection. Mrs. Coulter's heart sank. She knew enough to understand there was danger, and perhaps disgrace. Then Job's cheery whistle sounded in the lane, and, in an agony of fear and self-reproach, she thrust the paper into the fire, and nothing was said, though you may be sure the memory of the paper was never absent.

A short time after, Job coming home wet through, gave his clothes to his wife to dry, and went to bed. Hardly had he got in when a rough voice demanded if Job Coulter lived there, and finding he did, informed the wondering rustic that he was to go to gaol for contempt of court, in not having taken any notice of the writ served upon him for the tallyman's debt. Stunned and puzzled by the news, Job appealed to his wife for an explanation; but Mrs. Coulter had gone off in hysterics and Job went to prison utterly ignorant as to the cause, saving and except that it was for some debt of his wife's contracting.

Now came, perhaps, the saddest, certainly the most cruel, part of the business: Job was shown to the day room of the prison, where he found plenty of brothers in misery: most of them were in there for debt. So Job went in to the turnkey, and wormed out of him what had brought him there. His wife had deceived him: for her vanity and folly he was a prisoner. Job began almost to hate his wife, and fell back upon such company as the prison afforded.

Meantime, Mrs. Coulter, broken in spirit and heart, fought on for a while; but, unable to keep her children fed and clothed, came upon the parish—finally, the workhouse, and when Job's forty days were over, he found the cottage in new hands, and his wife a pauper. Nobody is willing to give a gaol-bird work; so Job asked for leave to labour in vain, and finally took to getting a living as best he could by poaching.

Poaching, when followed as a means of livelihood, has two endings—the gaol or premature death, for poachers are all drunkards. Job's end was the last: a blow received in a poaching skirmish, finished the story; and the good doctor, who was called in *too late*, made the following note in his memorandum book:—

"Job Coulter died of gangrene. Another case of death from drinking. If he had been healthy, the blow would have done no harm; as it was, his blood was poisoned with adulterated beer."

"Have you many such notes?" I asked.

For answer, the doctor turned to a shelf, and took down a large folio, and opened page after page closely written.

"That is all," he said. "Some day I'll publish it, and send a copy to every magistrate in the country, to show them what their broadcast licences do."

I. D. FENTON.

## CHARITIES.

BY FRANCIS W. ROWSELL, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

### IV.—CHARITY FOR THE SOUL.

**S**YSTEM and method are both indispensable to the due execution of great ideas which aim at producing their effect upon men through the agency of men, and through the means which men can command. The prophet can exhort, can command, can suggest, can strike out the new thought, and implant it with vital power in the hearts of men; but the idea once received, a certain amount of organisation is necessary in order to carry it out to its ultimate conclusion. In proportion as the community to be affected is complicated and large, will be the extent of the organisation necessary to penetrate it with the prophet's idea, and it is found at the present day that in order to carry out the Saviour's command, to preach the Gospel to every creature, it is necessary, not only to maintain a large organisation of workers in the home garden, as it were, but to train and send forth many of the best and choicest spirits into the lands peopled by heathen who have never called upon God's name.

For the ordinary work of what is called a cure of souls at home, we have a large number of clergy, though not enough. The population of our large towns so greatly outnumbers the quota of clergy assigned to them, that it is impossible to find church or chapel accommodation for all. Societies have therefore been founded in aid of the organisations which are powerless to reach those who cannot be brought to church. Additional curates are provided for work in populous places, and lay assistance is invited to supplement the power of

the clergy. There are societies which aim at bringing the church to the people, if the people will not come to the church, or rather which aim at conveying to the people the message entrusted to the Church for safety. Thus the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Earl Street, Blackfriars, devotes its large income of over £150,000 a-year to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures at home and abroad, sends the light of God's Word into many a dark place, and strengthens incalculably the hands of cleric and lay workers, by supplying them with means of instruction which they could not afford to supply themselves.

Other societies there are which in a less degree, and in special directions, follow the example of this one, sending the means of knowledge either to particular missions abroad, to the army or navy, to merchant seamen, or to other special objects.

Of the many societies which rear, equip, and send out warriors of Christ against sin, the world, and the devil, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is the oldest and perhaps the most substantial. It was founded in 1701, for the "receiving managing, and disposing of such funds as may be contributed for the religious instruction of Her Majesty's subjects beyond the seas; for the maintenance of clergymen in the plantations, colonies, and factories of Great Britain; and for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts." Besides maintaining upwards of 430 clergymen and more than 700 lay teachers in all parts of the world, chiefly in the colonial possessions of Great Britain, the society has propagandist missions in nearly every country, and is also a large contributor to

several training colleges and educational institutes for missionaries. The Colonial Bishops' Fund, of about £400,000, provides for the endowment of more than thirty bishoprics in outlying parts of Christendom; the Baptist Missionary Society, with an income of some £30,000 a-year; the Church Missionary Society, with over £145,000; the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, with £146,000; the London Missionary Society, with an income of about £80,000—these, with the parent Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, form the main strength of the labourers in the foreign garden of the Lord. There are many, and well-conducted auxiliary societies confining their operations to particular districts or places, as the Hawaiian Church Mission, the Coral Mission, the Columbia, West India, and Jerusalem missions, and the missions to special bodies of unchristianised heathen. Though it may be a question whether on the score of economy, both of money and labour, these lesser societies should not be merged in the greater, using their organisations and influence for the general welfare, and saving the cost of separate establishments and separate management, it must be conceded that they are most valuable and important institutions; too great encouragement cannot be given to them; too much care also cannot be taken to secure the proper distribution of their funds. A system of public audit by which the accounts of receipt and expenditure would be brought to the test of impartial scrutiny, would not only help the society inspected, as regards its own members, but would be a great inducement to many who now hold back to contribute to its funds. And this remark is true not only of these societies, but of every charitable institution in existence. It is one that every well-wisher of the cause will be wise to keep in mind, and at the proper time to insist on being exemplified. This by the way, however.

Besides the societies already mentioned for the spread of Christ's Gospel among the heathen abroad, there are many and not less important societies for the spread of the knowledge of God among the destitute in spiritual things at home. It seemed to many a serious error that, while means were being taken, and with abundant success, to send forth ministers and teachers abroad, there should be masses of people at home who were in truth as veritably benighted as the most untutored savage in the middle of Africa. It was found as a matter of fact that close to our own doors there was springing up a generation which not only did not know God, but had never heard of him, except in the language of blasphemy—a generation that learned "its only prayers from curses," and was blind and ignorant in the very warmth and light of the Church. It was found also that many who had once known

God, or had at least been taught to know him, were by their occupation, social circumstances, or by their untowardness, under a dangerous liability to slide back again into ignorance, and that many did indeed slide back. The same spirit that inspired the missionaries to the heathen, inspired men to remedy this state of things, and the spirit has found utterance through many noble societies. We have space to notice but a few of them.

The St. George's Mission, in Wellclose Square, the oldest of its kind, provides spiritual pastors to two of the most destitute districts in the east of London, six weekday and Sunday-schools for 600 children, evening-schools for adult and young people, a house of mercy, and several industrial schools. In Bethnal Green, Somers Town, Clare Market, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Plaistow, and the Victoria Docks district, there are special missions at work for the spiritual and material welfare of the thousands of poor in those places, while in every parish and district of the metropolis where the need for them has been greatly felt, may be seen churches and chapels, temporary or permanent, the work of church and chapel building-societies, which have been moved by the sight of the spiritual destitution around. Then there is the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, 4, Trafalgar Square, which provides places of worship for the destitute poor, and visitors and readers who seek the poor out at home; the London Domestic Mission, which employs missionaries to visit in the courts and alleys; the London City Mission, in Red Lion Square, which employs upwards of 400 missionaries in visiting those who, but for them, would get no spiritual instruction or attention at all; several Scripture Readers' Associations; the London Diocesan Home Mission, for conveying God's message in any and all possible ways—by open-air preachings, by visits, by prayer-meetings in crowded places, by services held in any practicable localities, by exhortations delivered in season and out of season. There is the Thames Church Mission Society, which visits ships between Greenwich and Gravesend, holds services by permission on board, distributes Bibles, tracts and religious works amongst the crews, and issues invitations to the "Swan" floating church. There is the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in Shadwell, the objects of which are similar to, though larger than, those of the Thames Society, and there is the Society for Missions to Seamen in the various ports and roadsteads. This last sends missionaries to all ships they can board, and provides for the distribution of the Scriptures and of tracts, and for holding services where such are acceptable. There are societies which send Scripture-readers and book-distributors to soldiers, to navies, to cabmen, to workmen—to all classes who are, or

are liable to be, out of the way; there is an open-air mission; there are missions for inculcating particular forms of the Christian faith upon Christians professing other forms; and there are societies subsidiary to these, which come in their train, gathering up the fragments, that nothing may be lost.


Finally, to sum up, it may be said that in the metropolis alone there are fully a hundred societies of one sort and another, possessing a total average income of over £1,000,000, whose business it is to make known by special efforts the will and the love of God to his creatures. What other agencies are at work through the regular parochial clergy—what other means are provided through offertories and bequests for the same purpose, we have not sufficient means of knowing; but enough has been said to show the extent to which, in the minds of this people in the nineteenth century after Christ, the command of the Saviour has penetrated—enough to warrant us in saying, in answer to any questioner of our faith, "Judge whether or not we are actuated by the love of Christ, for see, have not the poor the Gospel preached unto them?"

There is one feature about the charitable institutions of the metropolis to which it would be as well to draw attention before closing this account. There has been recently published an analysis of the income and expenditure of all the London charities, excluding those of the great endowed hospitals. The figures on the income side of the account were substantially the same as those given in the first of this series of articles as

the gross income of the London charities; for though this return showed two millions and a half as the total, there should have been added the sums spent through the medium of the clergy, and the income of the great hospitals, sums which would increase the result to nearly four millions. Indeed, at a meeting convened by the Bishop of London a few days after these statistics were published, it was announced that four millions of pounds, *exclusive of the money obtained by the poor rate*, was the sum actually expended yearly in London in the name of charity. Of the two millions and a half accounted for by the return, it appears that one fourth is spent on plant, rent, furniture, stationery, and salaries—a tremendous proportion of expenses to income. The object of those who attended the meeting, over which the Bishop of London presided, was to ascertain whether such an organisation might not be devised as would diminish the cost, without lessening the revenue, of charity. Many societies have the same object in view, many more have kindred objects, but the objects are not pursued in common, and the economic advantages of co-operation are lost in consequence. As yet nothing has been decided upon which will check this waste, but we may confidently expect that the time is not far distant when the enormous resources at the command of charity will be so husbanded and organised that they will be much more fruitful than at present, so fruitful as to make what is now, alas! but too great a reality, the chronic pauperism of London, an absurdity and an impossibility.

## WHITE VIOLETS.

A STORY OF GOOD FAITH.

HON'T you buy a bunch of white violets, please? Only a penny! Do buy them, sir; please, do."

"Why don't you keep out of the way of the horses and carts? You were nearly run over that time;" and the little ragged figure was rescued from its danger, and landed safely on the pavement.

"There, now, don't go running into the road after people again," says the child's preserver, as he goes on his way.

"Nobody wants any flowers to-day," says little Nelly, sorrowfully, "and I shall have nothing to take home to mother.—Oh, dear! how pretty they are!"

Nelly had stopped before a jeweller's shop-window, and was looking admiringly at the dazzling show. Anything bright and glittering had untold attractions for Nelly, and when the sale of her flowers was unusually slow, she would solace herself with a good look at the pretty bright things, and forget

her disappointment in the amusement. Nelly's eyes had taken in most of the display, and she was looking into nooks and corners for something fresh, when the shop-door swung open, and a lady came out. Grandly-dressed ladies did not like their skirts to be touched by the poor little flower-seller's rags, and little Nelly drew back to let the lady pass. She turned back to speak to the shopman, and stumbled over the step. What was that flashing against the lady's dress? Nelly held her breath, and looked to see the beautiful bright thing flash; but the lady had gone, and was getting into the carriage waiting there for her, and now it had driven away.

What could it have been? Nelly looked on the ground where the lady had stood a minute ago. Why, there it was, glittering away now, shooting out all sorts of beautiful colours when the light danced upon it.

Nelly was so astonished and delighted, that she

could not move, but stood gazing at it as if she were in a dream. At last she made a plunge forward and took it in her hand. She held it for the sun to fall on it, and it gleamed and glanced as if it had been a living thing. It must have had a strange effect on Nelly, that pretty, wonderful thing, for there were plenty of passers-by, and Nelly had not once called, "Won't you buy a bunch of white violets?" since she had found it.

"I'll take it home and show mother," Nelly said to herself, after having wandered up and down some time; and this decided, she set off at a wonderfully quick pace for such little legs. Leaving all the gay shops, she came to streets of dingy, squalid houses, where there were grimy blinds and curtains (if any at all) hung at the windows, and troops of ragged, dirt-besmeared children playing round the doorsteps. Halfway down one of these wretched streets a door was standing open, and Nelly passed through it, up a staircase that creaked dismally every time her foot was placed on a fresh stair, and stopped at a door on the landing. She put down her basket and unfastened it.

The room was very dark, though it was quite light outside, and there was no fire in the grate. Such a damp, cold room it was, it made you think that the sun must have forgotten to shine in, for it made you shiver to go inside it. What must it have been to live there? There was a dark heap of something in one corner, and if you had followed Nelly as she walked on tiptoe up to it, you would have seen that it was a bed, and that there was somebody lying on it.

"Mother," said Nelly, softly, "are you asleep?"

"No, dear," came very faintly from the dark corner.

"Are you better to-night, mother?" asked Nelly, tenderly.

"No, dear," answered the same quiet voice.

Little Nelly crept very carefully on to the bed, and wound her arms lovingly round her mother's neck. "I've not sold a single bunch," she said, sadly.

"Never mind, dear; there's a crust of bread for your supper, and I cannot eat anything," said her mother.

Many a little girl who leaves her pudding at dinner, because she has asked for more than she can possibly eat, would wonder that Nelly should eat so readily a dry, hard crust, without jam or even butter; and if any little boy or girl fancies he can't eat up this "nasty" crust of bread and butter, or that piece of meat, let him remember that many a poor little child like Nelly is only too thankful to be able to live on such fare.

It was not a very large piece of bread, and Nelly soon finished it. She wanted to tell her mother about her treasure, but she did not like to disturb her, for it was not often that she could lie so quietly as she did then. Dear little Nelly! though she was

but such a wee thing, she had in her the tenderness of many a woman's heart.

"Where have you been to-day? Tell me all about it, dear," Nelly's mother asked; and then, of course, Nelly was obliged to tell her adventure, though she spoke in a very low tone, for fear of making her mother's head ache.

"Do you not remember what the lady was like?" her mother asked, when Nelly had finished her account, and had shown her mother the pretty thing, which shone even in the half-dark room.

"No," Nelly answered; "I should know her again, she was so nice;" which was Nelly's term for everybody who was gaily dressed.

"Now listen, Nelly," said her mother; "that pretty toy is worth more money than I ever saw in my life, and the lady will be very sorry she dropped it. You must take great care of it, and look out for the lady, and give it her back. Don't tell anybody you have got it, or else you will lose it; and never let any one keep it but yourself. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Nelly answered.

"I will take care of it now," said her mother; "but when you have not got me to take care of it, you will be very, very careful of it, won't you?"

Nelly promised that she would.

"That's right, dear; mind you don't forget. Good-night, Nelly."

The sun had been shining for many hours, and yet the little flower-seller was not in the streets. At home, in the dark, damp room, she was sitting by her mother's side, her little heart full of grief; for she was an orphan now, without father or mother, brother or sister. Those words of caution were the last that her mother had spoken, and the morning that had dawned on the poor sufferer was far brighter than any she had ever known. How much brighter than those in that always half-dark room!

"What's to be done with the child?" the landlady asked, after the funeral was over.

She had forgiven the rent, and here she thought she had done enough; but her husband, a kind, good man, said, "Not so. We will take the child; she will play with our little ones, and help in the house, and it's not much difference that she'll make, poor little thing."

So it was settled that Nelly should live with them, and help in the house in return; and Nelly was so thankful to the kind-hearted man for not leaving her to beg, that she would do anything for him.

John Collins was a bricklayer, and had his meals carried to him at his place of employment; and it was Nelly's chief delight to take them to him, for she knew she should get a pleasant word for her pains.

Mrs. Collins found Nelly invaluable to her. Nobody could amuse little children so well as she could. She ran her errands so quickly, and dusted, and rubbed,

and worked so well, that Mrs. Collins began to think it was not such a bad thing to be charitable after all, and that she had gained considerably by her kindness. But in the midst of all the bustle and work that now filled Nelly's life, she had not forgotten her mother's injunctions, and, for lack of a better place, she had sewn the bit of glass, as she thought it, into the hem of her dress. A nice, comfortable dress she had now, for Mrs. Collins had bought her some new things in the place of the ragged clothes she used to wear, and which Mrs. Collins said she "could not bear to see the child in, for they were quite a disgrace."

One day Nelly had been taking John Collins's dinner, and as she entered the house on her return she was greeted by such a squalling that she was almost deafened.

"Here, take Bob, and play with him," said Mrs. Collins, pushing towards her one of the children who was contributing his share to the general hullabaloo.

Nelly began dancing the screaming child about, and after a little while he had left off crying, and was chasing her over sofa and chairs in the most perfect good temper. "There, now, I have torn my dress," said Nelly, stopping in the midst of a spirited game at the sound of a rent, and feeling herself held fast.

"You wicked, ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Collins, when Nelly had succeeded in disentangling her skirt from the nail on which it had been caught. "A new frock nearly. Now sit down and mend it, and don't let me catch you being so careless again."

"What have I found?" called out Master Bob, dancing about in great glee, and holding something tightly in his hand.

"What is it, Bob?" asked Nelly, unsuspectingly. "Show me."

"I shan't. It's such a pretty thing—it's blue, and red, and yellow, and yet it's white."

"Give it to me, dear, please do," said Nelly, guessing what it was, and that it had rolled out of her dress when she had torn it, and being very small, had fallen to the ground without her hearing it.

"Bring it here, Bob," called his mother; and the child, not liking to part with his plaything, unwillingly took it to her.

"Please do give it to me," asked Nelly, earnestly. "It is mine, really it is."

"Why, it's a brooch!" said Mrs. Collins. "I believe you've stole it, you wicked child!"

"Indeed, I did not," said Nelly, beginning to cry. "Then where did you get it from?" asked Mrs. Collins.

But Nelly had an idea that she had better not let Mrs. Collins know how valuable it was, so she did not answer.

"I shall keep it," said Mrs. Collins, and so saying, she put it in her pocket.

When the evening came, bringing with it the bricklayer, Nelly told him all about it, how she had found it, and everything else; and he promised her that she should have it again, and Nelly knew that he would keep his word.

The next morning he gave the brooch back to her, and telling her to be more careful of it, kissed her, and went off to his work.

"So you must go and complain that I ill-treat you, must you?" Mrs. Collins asked, as soon as her husband was well out of sight.

"I didn't complain at all," said Nelly.

"To be treated in that manner, after all I have done for you," said Mrs. Collins, wrathfully; "as if I were a thief instead of you. That's what one gets by taking other folk's children into their house, and taking care of them as if they were their own. I'll have no more of you, you ungrateful monkey; you can be off about your business; I won't keep you a day longer; no, nor yet another hour. Be off with you, I say;" and Mrs. Collins gave Nelly an angry push out of the door, which she banged to, leaving Nelly in the patch of garden which led to the street.

"I've got it safe, at any rate," said Nelly, holding the brooch tightly in her hands as she walked slowly along, not knowing what direction to take, or what she was to do. "I'll put it in my pocket, and tie my pocket into a knot," she added, doing so as she spoke; "for I can't hold it all day. Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

It was some time before Nelly could realise how utterly forlorn her position was, and when she did so, she did not waste her time in useless tears, but bethought herself what she could do to get a little money, so that she might not starve.

She walked on till she came to the gay shops and busy streets of the town; but there was nothing she could think of for her to do, nobody would have her to take care of their children on her own recommendation. She must starve if no one would have her, for she could not ask for even a crust of bread. What would her kind friend say when he heard about it? Such were her thoughts as she walked on without noticing the passers-by. This was where she used to sell her flowers. Her life had been a miserable one then, but there had been her mother to go home to and be loved; but now she had not a soul to go to. She was quite alone in the cold wide world. Oh, how very, very lonely she was, poor Nelly!

At last she stopped before the jeweller's shop where, nearly a year ago, she had found the brooch. Not to look with admiration at the gold and jewels; these had lost their old charm for her. Perhaps Nelly thought she should see the lady again, for there she stood as if waiting for something.

But if she expected the lady to come out of the shop she was doomed to disappointment; for no lady

made her appearance, only, after some time, two gentlemen talking to each other earnestly.

"I would give anything to be able to get a few white violets—she was so fond of them, poor child—and my wife has set her heart on having them," one of them was saying to the other.

Here was a chance for her, Nelly thought. Her mother had planted the white violets that she used to sell, and there they were now one mass of fresh white blossoms.

"I can get you some, sir," she said, timidly, stepping forward; and when she had said it, she remembered that she had been sent away, and did not dare go back to fetch even a bunch of violets.

"Can you?" said the gentleman, delightedly.

"I forgot, sir; I don't think I can," said Nelly, slowly.

"Why can't you?" asked the gentleman.

"Because it's not my home now; I've got no home," said Nelly, sorrowfully.

"It's where you used to live, I suppose?" said the gentleman.

"Yes," answered Nelly.

"Very well, then; if you will show us the way, we will take care that it's all-right," said the gentleman who had spoken all along.

Feeling safe under the protection of her two friends, Nelly gladly consented to show them the way. After a tolerably long walk, they arrived at the house, and knocked at the door in order to gain permission to pick the flowers; but no one came, and though they knocked several times more, it was with the same result.

The flowers were in the front of the house, and the gentleman told Nelly to pick him a bunch, and bring them with her, and that he would take her back again to explain to Mrs. Collins.

When Nelly had picked all the blossoms she could find, and there were not a few, the gentleman told her to come with them.

They soon left all the little lanes and streets behind them, and came to streets of beautiful large houses. Into one of these the gentleman took Nelly. Such a beautiful place it was, Nelly felt quite frightened at all the grandeur she saw; she had never seen anything like it before in her whole life. They took her up a staircase (the widest one she had ever seen) and stopped before her. They told Nelly to go in, and she would see a lady, and she was to give the violets to the lady; then they left her alone.

Nelly summoned up all her courage, and very gently turned the handle and went in. The room was darkened; she could just distinguish a lady sitting with her head bent over what Nelly knew to be a little coffin.

"I've brought you some white violets," whispered Nelly, going up to the lady, and holding up her bunch of violets.

"White violets!" said the young lady, raising her face.

That face! where had she seen it before? Nelly mused. Suddenly it flashed on her mind—the jeweller's shop and the carriage. She had found the owner of the brooch.

"I've got it safe, ma'am," she said, eagerly.

"Got what, child?" asked the lady, indifferently.

"The brooch you lost a year ago," said Nelly, untying the knot she had tied her pocket into, and producing the brooch.

"My diamond brooch that I valued so!" the lady exclaimed, her curiosity now fully awakened. "Where did you get it from? and how did you know it was mine?" she asked.

Then Nelly told her how she had found it, and about her mother's death; and then stopped.

The kind lady roused herself from her own grief to listen to the misery of another, and found the result in the alleviation of her own sorrow. By degrees she drew from Nelly the whole of her sad history, up to the present time; and when she had heard it all, she cast about for some plan for little Nelly's benefit, for she was delighted with the child's honesty and apparent truthfulness.

The lady's husband was sent for to join in the consultation, which he, delighted to see his wife's thoughts taken from her loss, was only too glad to do; and at last it was agreed upon that Nelly should be sent to school, and that she should stop in the house, under the especial patronage of the house-keeper, till some arrangement could be made. In the mean time the gentleman who had first spoken to her undertook to pay a visit to her kind friend, John Collins, and let him know of her well-being. This he did the same day, and brought back news that her friend was very glad to hear she was so well cared for, though he was sorry to part with her, and sent her his love; and Mrs. Collins was also very glad to hear from her, for she had grown sorry for her fit of ill-temper, and was anxious that no harm should come to the child.

Nelly was sent to school, and she got on capitally. She was provided for, while there, by her benefactress; and when she had received a good, useful education, she was placed in the hands of the house-keeper, to be taught the duties of a lady's-maid.

In the trim little figure and cheerful, happy face of Mrs. Clifton's maid, wouldn't you be puzzled to recognise the ragged little flower-seller, whose only pleasure was gazing in a jeweller's shop-window! Good little Nelly, we wish you all happiness.

L. M. C.